



MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1919

Types of Married Folk We All Know.

No. 7—The Suburbanites.

The Husband Should Be Able to Mend the Roof; the Wife Must Be "a Perfect Woman, Nobly Planned, to Love, to Honor and Command."

By Fay Stevenson

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WHEN we think of the suburbanites we have a mental picture of a man running to catch a train, his arms full of bundles, a brand new hoe in one hand, an alarm clock in the other and his pockets bursting with packages which might vary from a spool of thread to a jumping jack for his small son. If our imaginations are keen our mind's eye goes even a little further and depicts a little woman in a gingham frock resting cozily on a screened porch or a sun parlor.

Yes, that is the way we picture the suburbanites and on the whole we consider them a mighty fine couple. We appreciate the fact that they are among our finest American types, the real home makers of the world. The cliff dwellers who live in the heart of the city seldom average over two or three years for any one locality, but the suburbanites, bless their dear heads, stay on from year to year and are as permanent as the perennial as the box hedge which grows around their 60 by 100.

Although the cliff dwellers and some of us who live in the city proper have a little way of smiling at the suburbanites, I sometimes wonder if they don't get a better angle and a finer outlook on life than any other twentieth century couple. To begin with, the suburbanites enjoy both city and country life. They are near enough to the city to hop out to a good show, match a bite to eat and catch the midnight train. And the next morning, instead of having to look into courtyards and always they may glance out upon trees and lawns and actually trace the horizon line. If Mr. Suburbanite is particularly energetic he may go out and cut the grass or shovel off a bit of snow, according to the season of the year. And as far as Mrs. Suburbanite is concerned she may go shopping all morning in the city and return to do her preserving of berries and fruits right from "their own place."

Then too there is the social life of the suburbanites to be considered. Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Dweller do not dare make friends with their next door neighbors, but the suburbanites enjoy long conversations over the box hedges, exchange garden tools and cooking recipes, spend many pleasant hours in each other's homes discussing "the crops," the best lawn seed, heating problems and a smattering of village gossip.

But probably one of the best characteristics of the suburbanites is their plain matter of fact, clear way of looking at life. There is absolutely nothing artificial in the life of the suburbanites. They must be real. They must be a couple who can face facts; a couple who are able to work and to really "keep house"—not "play house." The man must be able to mend his roof, "tend" the steam plant and be general emergency man; while the wife must be "a perfect woman, nobly planned, to love, to honor and command." And the commanding must be largely of her own will power, for certainly no one appreciates the present servant problem as much as the little woman just on the outskirts of the city.

In other words, the suburbanites must have energy. Woe to the couple who think they can drift into the

suburbs and "have an easy time of it." Woe to the couple who go to the suburbs to admire beautiful sunsets, play tennis or keep a machine. I have in mind a young couple who thought they were suburbanites. They moved into a pink stucco bungalow, bought a yellow roadster and a Boston brindle bulldog. For three or four months they enjoyed delicious spins into the country and "such sunsets" and then the boy who cut the grass failed to appear, the maid gave notice, the man who promised to take care of the furnace moved away and they got a real touch of suburban life. After wintering and summering in the place they sold the pink bungalow at a sacrifice, threw in the yellow car and the brindle as "extras" and became cliff dwellers for the rest of their blessed lives. Such would-be suburbanites frequently appear on the landscape, but because they lack the energy and power "to do things for themselves," they quickly make their way back to the city where life is more of a theory and less realistic.

The full fledged suburbanites, the couple who remain year after year in the same little bungalow or Queen Anne cottage, are thoroughly domestic souls. The husband is always a man with surplus energy and a natural bent for carpentry work, tinkering with tools and a natural born fondness for "seeing things grow." And the wife is always a little woman who takes pride in having a spic-span house, cupboards full of "home made" jams and jellies and canned goods and, greatest of all, a place to "air her clothes in the sun."

The suburbanites always tell you that they live out of town "on account of the children," but if you ever catch Mr. Suburbanite whistling as he cuts the grass or hoses around the corn, or get a peek at Mrs. Suburbanite as she hurries about her home with a song on her lips, you sometimes wonder WHO the children are. Surely the husband in his garden suit and the wife in her bungalow apron do remind one of grown-up children.

"I simply love to visit The Suburbanites," said a friend the other day. "I always have such a good time at their home, but I have just one objection to them, and that is that they are always trying to get my husband and myself to join their happy throng. We never visit them but they want us to come out near them and build."

"But that is true of all suburbanites," was my quick reply, "and if it weren't for that one little fault of theirs, the desire to proselyte, they are an ideal couple who get a whole lot out of life."

Get in Debt to Yourself

GET in debt to yourself and then imagine you are the other fellow.

Decide, for example, that you owe yourself \$100. Then get after that hundred as though you were trying to beat yourself out of it. Give yourself no rest till you clean up your debt.

When you have paid yourself the \$100 and have it safely deposited in the savings bank where it is earning interest for you, get in debt to yourself again. Try to make it \$125, \$150 or \$200 this time.

Keep up the process. Get so you follow yourself around from place to place demanding payment on your debt.

Stick to this plan for a few years and you'll have a snug little sum back of you for the days of old age or enforced idleness.—The Thrift Magazine

Science Notes

Fifty envelopes a minute can be sealed with a new hand operated letter sealer.

A cylindrical blotter that can be mounted on the end of a fountain pen has been invented.

A substitute for imported edible gelatine is being made from a seaweed in the Philippines.

A simple appliance, easily attached, has been invented for preventing telephone cords twisting.

Motorcycle side cars are coming in to general use in England for carrying mails in rural districts.

Millionaire Society Leader, Soldier and Playwright

PRESTON GIBSON

Finds Greatest Diversion in Game of Love

While a Student at Yale, Gibson Placed a Ladder to the Window of Seventeen-Year-Old Minna Field and Whisked Her Away to New York and a Minister—His Next Adventure, "An Outdoor Romance" in 1908 in Washington With Twenty-Year-Old Miss Grace McMillan Jarvis—His Latest Experiment in Love, Mrs. Rogers Benjamin Pratt of New York and Newport; This Match Strongly Opposed by Her Parents



By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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I AM acquainted with many men who have inherited money—they don't enjoy it," Charles M. Schwab once told me. Perhaps he really is an object for pity—the poor, bored millionaire, whose life often is a monotonous round of motor cars, dances, polo and paying his wife's bills. But ONE millionaire nobody need pity for a stale and weary existence. He is Preston Gibson, New York society leader, dramatist and play-producer, decorated war veteran, twice married and



and he has been equally at home in the social worlds of New York and Washington for many years. As for his fun, that began at Yale, where he shone both in baseball and in football, being one of the best ends the college ever had. It was in his junior year at college that his first adventure in romance took place. He fell in love with pretty, seventeen-year-old Miss Minna Field, niece of the late Marshall Field, Chicago. She was still attending the Misses Masters' School at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., and her mother, who had married Thomas Nelson Page, after her husband's death, would not listen to young Gibson's suit.

So what does he do but play in real life the role of an Anthony Hope hero, put a ladder to the window of the maid of his heart, carry her off in his automobile and marry her in New York City, Jan. 27, 1900. Their honeymoon was spent at Palm Beach. He was at this time twenty-one years old.

In printed romances elopers always live happy ever after. Unfortunately, in real life, seven years after his

first marriage, Mrs. Gibson divorced her husband on the ground of incompatibility, having the custody of their son, Henry Field Gibson. The next year she became the wife of Algernon Edwyn Burnaby of Leicestershire, England.

Less than a year later Mr. Gibson again shone in the role of Romeo. On Feb. 23, 1906, he married one of Washington's most beautiful and popular debutantes, the twenty-year-old Miss Grace McMillan Jarvis, granddaughter of the late Senator James McMillan of Michigan and niece of Lady Harrington. She and Mr. Gibson were both devoted to tennis, riding, swimming and other sports, and their love affair was described as an "outdoor romance."

Unlike his first, his second wedding was a brilliant and formal function, Reginald Vanderbilt and Paul Rainey serving as two of the ushers.

Six years later, the second Mrs. Gibson, after numerous differences and reconciliations, filed a suit for divorce in the District of Columbia. In 1917 she received her decree and the custody of her two children, James McMillan and Mary Preston Gibson.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gibson had been doing many other things, besides playing polo and leading cotillions. He was hardly out of college before he began to write and produce plays. He experimented with all the dramatic forms—musical comedy, melodrama, society drama. It was the "fun" of toying with the theatre that appealed to Mr. Gibson, and the brief runs of "Mrs. Erskine's Devotion," "Fate," "The Vacuum" and other dramas worried him not at all. What he liked was chartering special trains to take his friends to the first night performances, and making curtain speeches. At the leading "society theatre" in Washington, The Playhouse, his interest in the drama had especially free scope.

It was at The Playhouse, too, that he was acclaimed as the smart set's dance leader, when he fathered the "Gibson glide" in 1914, the winter the dance craze reached its height in America.

But a year later it was this same

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Silk Stockings

By Neal R. O'Hara

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Ten Years Ago a Silk Stocking Meant an Aristocrat—Now It Can Mean an Aristocrat's Maid

SILK stockings are now \$5 a pair, proving that the silkworm has turned. Girls think it's turned for the worse. Stockings are higher everywhere except above the knee, but they still cover a multitude of shins. Dame that would rather go barefooted than do without silk stockings soon will have to.

Everybody wears silk stockings now except those that don't wear 'em at all. Grandpa wears 'em and Baby wears 'em. Old-time wife used to carry all her money in her stocking. Wife of to-day puts all her money into silk stockings and the stockings are all she has to show for it.

Silk stockings fifty years ago were considered awful. Price of 'em is the only part that's awful to-day. Girl that wore silk ones when Bryan was a boy orator was looked on with suspicion. Girl that wears 'em now is looked on, but not with suspicion. Fifty years have made a lotta difference with stockings, same as it has with the girls.

Fifty years ago was when the girls wore one-piece nightgowns and two-piece bathing suits. To-day they cut a bathing suit out of one piece and have enough left over for the nightgown. Flannel has been promoted from underwear to an outside position. Now make skirts and trousers out of flannel and underwear out of silk. Silk underwear is now the thing, and so are the other underthings. Didn't take the girls long to get next to silk!

Silk comes from worms. Worms can be used as bait, same as silk stockings can. Worms work hard and fast, and die the same way. Only thing about silk stockings that ain't fast is the dye. Silkworm has no future, but it has a proud career. Gets made into a silk stocking and is the only insect that's knee-high to a grasshopper.

Forty years ago, chorus girls who wore silk stockings were considered vulgar. Whether she wore 'em on or off-stage. Those were the Giltbert and Sullivan days when the music was light and airy instead of the costuming. Chorus girls never wore silk stockings then. To-day they never wear 'em either. To-day they don't wear any kind at all. Successful music shows now depend on lines. The kind of lines that are seen and not heard.

Twenty years ago girls wore long skirts and silk stockings—the latter for their own satisfaction. Then was the days when a mouse had a better chance of seeing silk hose than a man. Last twenty years has brought about a lotta changes—including high car-steps, windy corners and muddy crossings. Mouse can still get an eyeful, but there's no longer an advantage in being a mouse.

Ten years ago a silk stocking meant an aristocrat. Now it can mean an aristocrat's maid. Silk stocking boys used to be highbrows. But what you have on your feet has nothing to do with a highbrow now—it's what you have on your mind. Everybody wears silk socks now, from the I. W. W.s to the rich guys. Labor and capital are on an equal footing when it comes to socks. When the I. W. W.s walk out, they do it in silk socks. I. W. W.s even put clocking in their bombs.

Latest fad in half hose—that is, for the girls. Half hose has been going strong with the male sex for years, although a lotta married men are known to wear hole hose. Half hose for women started in Paris and it looks like they ended just above the ankle. Fifty per cent. off stockings made a hit with the girls right away, even if the 50 per cent. was off the top. Straw vote indicates it made a hit with the men, too.

As we said, though, silk stockings are worn everywhere—even in bathing. And every one's fond of 'em, including mosquitoes. We have a bunch the skeeters go after the silk ones because they look like mosquito netting. The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are the same to the skeeter under the skin. And since Judy's gone in for silk stockings lately, they're the same in a couple of other places—right and left.

Only one thing you can say against the silk stocking—it's too mph like 1919 booze. Never full strength and everybody durns it.

HOW IT STARTED

By Hermine Neustadt

The Bride's Wreath.

THE glory in our wedding costume for the prospective bride, the universal sentiment that makes every girl want to be a "real bride" once, though almost all men would rather spend a day in Hades than attend their own wedding, lies

Mr. and Mrs. William Everts Benjamin. As Mrs. Alexander Dallas Baché Pratt she was a most popular hostess in New York and Newport and a prominent figure in society tableaux. She obtained a divorce last June in Newport, while her husband was in the army, a Lieutenant assigned to instruction duty in California. She charged non-support and desertion, and was given the custody of her two children, Cynthia Ann Pratt and Dallas Baché Pratt 23.

Gibson and Mrs. Pratt were quietly married Friday at Greenwich, Conn., and are honeymooning in the Adirondacks, after having been refused sanction for their wedding by Mrs. Pratt's parents.

Society already has begun to wonder what the irrepressible Preston Gibson will do next!

not in the pomp and show of ceremony, not in the gown of virgin white, nor yet the shimmering train. Nor is it in the veil, one moment kind to maiden blushes, the next lifted to reveal the glowing features of the new-made wife.

It is in the wreath, her blossom crown, that the bride finds glory, though of but an hour or a day, that lights with hope the dream days that precede it and the after years with reminiscent joy. For was she not a queen, there crowned beside her kind, to ascend the altar of his heart?

Little does the bride realize the literal truth of this sentiment. According to its significance from its ancient origin, she is really being crowned, for the wreath is the Christian survival of the gilt coronets with which the ancient Hebrews crowned their brides.

It is known that among the people of this faith marriage has always been looked upon as a laudable act, and to many as the acme of a girl's accomplishment and the alpha and omega of their daughters' destiny. To express approval on the occasion of a marriage they crowned the bride. Among the Russians and certain Christian denominations of Northern Teutonic countries the old practice of crowning their daughters during the wedding is still literally adhered to.

BELGIAN CHILDREN ATTENDING OUTDOOR CLASS IN LACE MAKING.

DESPITE the limited housing facilities in devastated Belgium, these children are continuing their practical education in lace making in a yard while the old school house is repaired.

